## THE MONSTER EVANS.

The Vile Culprit Confesses to Murdering the Jovce Children.

Bloody Career of the Hoary-Headed Ex-Minister.

DAMNING EVIDENCE.

His Mental Memoranda Committed to the New Hampshire Sheriff.

"TWas Right There--Outraged the Girl-Stabbed the Boy."

#### ADDITIONAL ATROCITIES

Women Ruined, and Children in Maine, in Derry, N. H., and Other Places Outraged, Murdered and Buried.

Boston, Peb, 7, 1873. The story of the cruel murder of Isabella and John Joyce in Bussey's Woods, Roxbury, in June, 865, is still fresh in the public mind. It was one o those inhuman and revolting outrages seldom perpetrated in civilized communities, and one which stimulated the whole public with a feeling of revenge. Isabella A. Joyce, a pretty child of ourteen, left tome, with her brother John, two years her junior, at eleven o'clock in the morning, of Monday, June 12, 1865. They took a Forest Hill herse car to the terminus of that line of read and then went to Bussey's Woods on foot. From that time till the following Sunday nothing was known of their whereabouts. Upon that day two gentlemen who were walking through the woods discov ered the dead body of the girl .ying recumbent on the ground, while around her were chaplets of oak leaves, which she had evidently put together. An examination disclosed the that a learful crime had been committed and an alarm was spread quickly. A lew hours afterward the dead body of the boy was found a quarter of a mile or thereabouts from that of his sister; both had evidently been killed with ene weapon. The discovery of these bodies and the dreadful revelations which they presented created great excitement. Every man in Boston seemee stimulated by the large rewards which were offered as well as their own pride, the professional officers worked to their utmost. Suspicion after suspicion generated and was disproven, till most of the ficers discontinued active operations and looked they might follow with hope of success. A year or so elapsed, when a criminal known as "Scratch Gravel," confined in the Charlestown prison, was suspected of the crime, and upon being closely pressed he admitted his guilt and detailed all the circumstances of the tragedy. It was subsequently ascertained, however, that his story was all a snam, and that the prisoner was insane. Still later-some six or eight months ago-there came a story connecting the crime with a barber, who is said to have told his tale in Chicago and then to have come to this city. Investigation proved that this man, whose name was James Dew, had nothing to do with the affair, and that line of proceeding was abandoned. Dew died of smallpox at Gallop's Is and on the 25th ult. Since then there has been

But suddenly there turns up a man who, it is selieved, is the author of the terrible crime. It is no other than the old wretch, Evans, who outraged and murdered little Georgiana Lovering, in New day to suffer death. His crime, for which he is to yield his life on the scaffold, he also adeutraging and murder of the Joyce children from his own mouth, substantiated by in 1858 he stole away and killed a little niece in Deny, N. H., aged only five years. In 1861 he asother man died in prison), and in 1862, June 10, he is charged with a similar crime upon the person of a woman found dead in the woods near Fitchbury. All these were victims of his lustful nature, and murder followed to cover up his previous outrages, and in every instance his crimes have evinced a state of depravity and cruelty almost beyond com-

THE OLD MONSTER EVANS AGAIN.

Since his sentence to death Evans has made full confession of all the crimes alluded to, and his stery about the murder of the Joyce children is such as to leave but little doubt as to its general truth. He made the confession to Sheriff Drew, who arrested him for the murder of the little Love ring girt. The Sheriff, in his account of the confes. sion, says that "after Evans admitted the of Georgiana Lovering he questioned him as to his whereabouts the last fifteen years. Finally, said Mr. Drew, I traced him to Rhode Island, and then back to Roxbury, Mass. His mention of Roxbury and the similarity of the two murders suggested to me for the first time that he might have perpetrated the murder of the Jovce children, of which I then had a dim recollection and of the circumstance of which I have now but little knowledge Linterrogated him on the subject, and him were deemed of so much importance that I immediately reduced the substance of the conversa-

ADMITS OUTRAGING AND MURDERING THE JOYCE Mr. Drew here produced his memoranda, and

read as follows:"Did you stop on your way home from Rhode Island at Roxbury?" asked Mr. Drew.

"I did; about a week," Evans replied.

"Why did you stop in Roxbury?" "I don't know."

"Where were you when the Joyce children were killed?"

"I didn't hear of it until I got to Manchester." "Where did you live at the time the Joyce children were killed?"

"I did not hear of the murder until I got back to

"Was there much excitement in Manchester?" "I did not ask about it."

"What an awful thing the murder of those two little girls was!"

(Mr. Drew thought at that time that the children were both girls.)

"No. Mr. Drew; one of them was a boy." "No, Frank; they were two girls."

"Mr. Drew, one of them was a boy!" "Which one of them was the elder?"

"THE GIRL."

"How old do you think the girl was?" "I don't know. I should think from twelve to

courteen." "How old was the boy?"

"He was younger than the girl," "How do you think they were killed?"

"The boy was stabbed in the back several times." "Should you think more than four or five times ?"

"Yes, I should," Which or them was killed first ?"

"The boy."
"Did he make much ado?"

"I won't answer another question; I see what your drift is."

Well, let it go: I care nothing about it." HAUNTED BY HORRIBLE VISIONS.

Mr. Drew then left Evans, and in a short time was sent for by him, and went back into the room, when Evans asked him the following question:-"Mr. Drew, what did them men want this morn-

ing ?" (Meaning Jonathan P. Berry and John P. Berry, of Barrington, who came out of curiosity to see Evans, but did not make themselves known.)

Mr. Drew answered, "I did not ask them what were their names; I did not ask them where did they lived? I did not ask them then; they did not

say what their business was."
"Were they efficers from Boston after me for the murder of them children ?"
"I did not ask them what they wanted."

"Bid they say no? Mr. Drew, they were after me; you won't let them have me, will you?" "Let them have you? no; they shall not have yeu. Why do yeu worry about that, Frank? Did that girl make much ado?"

"Don't ask me." "Why not? They shall not have you." "I know if they carry me there I shall have to be

"Now, Frank, where were you when those chil

"Now, Frank, where were you when those children were killed?"
"I was right there, and if you let them have me I cannot get out of it; I know
I SHALL HAVE TO BE HUNG."
"Cannot hang you, Frank, it you did not do it. Did you kill these children or not? They shall not harm you if you did."
"Don't ask me that."
"Tell me where you were at that time."
"I nave told you."
"Where was it?"
"I was there; so don't ask me."
At this point Mr. Drew left Evans, and after a brief period went into the room again, when Evans remarked. "Mr. Drew, I have been thinking that matter over how I can get out of it; there is but one way."
"How is that?"

matter over how I can get out of it; there is but one way."

"How is that?"
"I was a minister at that time in good standing, and if can prove my character by the ministers it will help me."
"Well, Frank, it may help you. I cannot see why you will not tell whether you killed those children, when I have told you they should not have you and carry you there, even if you did do it."

do it."

"Mr. Drew, don't ask."

"Why not? Come, tell me."

"I have told enough."

"What have you told me?"

"Was RIGHT THERE.

I told you I was right there when they was killed; don't ask me any more."

The above conversation was on Sunday, after the

I told you I was right there when they was killed; don't ask me any more."

The above conversation was on Sunday, after the finding of the body of Georgiana Lovering, the killing of whom he had confessed, to the place where he had hidden her dead body, he having himself shown it to Mr. Brew. Mr. Drew states that after this, and while he was conveying Evans to the Exeter jail, by way of Dover, Evans asked him (Drew) in he thaught they would come to the jail after him to carry him to Boston.

Drew answered, "I don't care whether they do or not, if you won't tell me all about it."

"Mr. Drew, don't ask me; I have told you enough about it."

"What have you told me?"

"I told you I was there when they were kilfed. I will tell you all about it some time."

The conversation on the subject here dropped, until just before they got to bover, where they were to take the cars for Exeter.

Mr. Drew said, "Well, Frank, what you tell me, you must tell me now; tell me all about it."

"Mr. Drew, I was right there when that boy and girl work killed."

"Mr. Drew, I was right there when that boy and girl were killed."

"Yes, he was, several times."
"Und the girl make much ado?"

More than the boy did?"

"More than the boy did?"
"Yes."
"Why did she?"
"Don't ask me more; I have now told you."
"Was the act committed before she was killed?"
"Yes. Mr. Drew, I won't tell you any more; I have told you all about it now."
"Well, Frank. I guess you have one thing more.
Was the girl bruised much?"
"Yes; I won't answer another question."
"Well, I won't answer another question."
"EVEN REMEMBERS THE HOME OF THE CHILDREN.
Mr. Drew stated that Evans said that the house where the children came from was on the left hand side, as you went to Boston from Roxbury, and was a to story.

Drew said to him, "No, Frank, it was a little cottage house on the right hand side, as you go into Boston."

Evans replied, "It was a two story house on the Evans replied, "It was a two story house on the left hand side, as you go into Boston from Rex

Evans replied, "It was a two story house on the left hand side, as you go into Boston from Rox bury."

The Messrs. Berry, who have been mentioned above, and Mr. Harrison Hill, of Strafford, were in the room and heard portions of conversations between Drew and Evans. They are some of the most respectable citizens of the county.

Affidation of the Keeper.

The following is the affidavit in the hands of Mr. Drew, which I have been permitted to copy. Mr. Waldron is a respectable and well known citizen of Strafford:—

"I. Azariah Waldron, of Strafford, in the county of Strafford, State of New Hampshire, depose and say that I was keeper over Franklin B. Evans at Henry A. Drew's house; that I had a conversation with Evans in regard to the Joyce children. Evans said to me, 'I hepe they won't bring that up till I get through with this. If they do, what will they do to me!' I answered, 'They will hang you twice.' Evans said, 'They cannot kill me but once.'

WOULD NOT DIVULGE HIS NEXT CRIME.

Mr. Brew has no doubt that Evans has committed several other similar outrages upon and murders of children. He says:—"On the morning after finding the dead body of Georgiana Lovering in the woods at Northwood, on his way home with Evans, who had shown him where it was, Evans said, 'Let me get out of this and do another such a crime, and see if I tell any officer. There is one they never will find, I will give you my word for that; that is the little child over to Derry."

ANOTHER CRIME IN AUGUSTA, MR.

Mr. Drew further states that while on his way
to the jail Evans said, "Mr. Drew, I want to ask
you two or three questions, and I want you to tell
me, has there been any officers for me from out
beyond Boston? I believe it is a place beyond
Lowell, near Leeminstero."

beyond Boston? I believe it is a place below beyond Boston? I believe it is a place below Lowell, near Leeminstero."

Mr. Drew asked what place it was.
He said it was a few miles above Leominstero.
Drew asked him what had been done there?
Evans said—"There was one out there this summer."
He then asked Mr. Drew if there had been any

Drew said:—
Drew said:—
"What part of Maine?"
"Bown somewhere near Augusta."
Drew said, "What's happened down there,

Evans replied, "There was one down there about ten years ago."

Drew asked him if he could recollect the year.
He said it was in 1861 or 1862.
Drew again asked him what it was.
Ho said

Ho said

IT WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

Drew then asked him what was done to her.

Evans replied, "Her throat was cut," and he then
earmestly begged of Mr. Drew to tell him whether
or not there had been anybody after him from any
of these places.

Mr. Drew told him no, there had not. Evans
then said, "I won't say amother word about it,
then."

Mr. Drew told him no, there had not. Evans then said, "I won't say another word about it, then."

Mr. Drew desires to state that the reason why he has said nothing about this before is because Sheriff odlin, of Rockingham county, wrote him that the Court at Fortsmouth, then in session, had instructed him to request him to keep everything still and have no more talk until after the trial.

General belief in The Villain's story.

The Chief of Police of Boston and other officers who were engaged upon the crimes to which Evans confesses, believe that he tells the truth. This is the opinion of all who have conversed with Evans, and a leading member of the New Hampshire bar, who had been asked to act as counsel for the prisoner, after an hour's consultation told him he believed he ought to be hung, and refused-to appear in his defence, and he subsequently expressed the belief that he murdered the Joyce children. The other tragedies referred to by Evans were unknown to Mr. Drew at the time; but it has been since ascertained that there were such occurrences, concerning which the prisoner was correctly informed. Though his statements concerning the Bussey's Woods tragedy may not afford conclusive evidence of his guilt, they would most certainly warrant his arrest on suspicion if he had not been convicted of a similar crime and sentenced to suffer the death penalty.

## THE ALLEY TRIAL

The Investigation of the Barrel Tragedy in Progress.

The Alley murder trial continues to be as much subject of comment and interest as ever. There are divers opinions as to the probable verdict o the jury, but concerning the guilt of the ac-cused there is but little, if any, doubt expressed. A disagreement of the jury is probable, and one gentleman, who is personally ac-quainted with the whole panel, inclines to the opinion that there will be eleven for conviction and one for acquittal. This opinion is based upon a former action of the supposed obstinate man while serving upon a jury is an important criminal case. The jury is under the strictest surveillance and none of the members have been allowed to converse with outsiders or see a newspaper since the trial commenced. If they understood the popu-lar wish for conviction on the part of the public it is scarcely possible that they would fail to be in-fluenced by the strong public opinion which pre-

rails. The attendance in the Court and the crowds around The attendance in the Court and the crowds around the Court House to-day have been very large. The testimony elicited for the defence went to show that before the murder Alicy had considerable money, and there was also an abundance of evidence showing the good character of the accused. Beyond this nothing of importance was brought out. It is hardly probable that the trial will be anished this year.

# LIFE FOR LIFE

Ignominious End of an Illinois Wife Butcher.

M'NULTA ON THE SCAFFOLD.

A HORRIBLE SCENE.

The Wretched Culprit Harangues the Crowd.

Innosent, but Deceived, Betrayed and Sacrificed to Public Chamor.

PROPIA III Feb 7 1873. For the first time in many years lilinois has hung a murderer. For nearly a decade a silly senti-mentality has prevailed in the community, and, reaching to the Executive chair, has always succeeded in wresting from the hangman his legitimate prev. The gallows has fallen into disuse, and murderers have either gone scot-free or have fallen easy heirs to a short apprenticeship in the Penitentiary. Though not absolutely abolished, capital punishment had almost become a tradition and the hangman's duty a lost art, until to-day it was shown in case of Henry McNulta that hemp may still be put to excellent use. The frequent perpetration of murders, especially at Chicago, has awakened the community to a sense of the necessity of doing something with the assassins, and by way of a radical change attention has turned to the gallows The new Governor has stiffened his mental verte-bræ and determined to give the revivalists a fair chance, and now when a jury finds guilt and proclaims for hanging. Executive elemency need not

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CRIME. Henry McNulta was hanged here at half-past one o'clock to-day, in expiation for the murder of his wife Eliza, on the night of the 21st of last September. The crime for which this wretched man forfeited his life at the hands of offended slaw and outraged justice was one of peculiar atrocity, and at the time it created a wild excitement in Peoria. He was an habitual drunkard, and when under the influence of liquor was little else than a flend. For years the poor weman whom he murdered was subjected to unmerciful beatings at his hands, repeated from day to day, until her screams for help were looked upon in the neighborhood as common events unworthy of notice. The deluded woman loved him with a blind devotion, and could never be fnduced to appear against him in the Courts. At one time he knocked her down with a beer glass, cutting a fearful gash in her head; but, as soon as she was able to walk, the forgiving wife appeared in Court and begged on her knees that he be released from custody. On the night of the murder the

Court and begged on her knees that he be released from custody. On the night of the murder the familiar shrick of the abused and long-sufering woman was heard at the midnight hour, and, although they were piercing and long continued, the neighbors did not intercede, merely remarking that the drunkard was beating his wile again.

CRUSHED TO DEATH WITH A BOOT.

Early in the morning the murderer summoned a physician, who lound a cold, lifeless corpse, from which no more blows could extort a cry for help, and no medicine could restore to the lite of misery from which the spirit had escaped. McNulta told many and conflicting stories, and was at once arrested and placed in jail. A post-mortem examination disclosed the fact that the murdered woman's ribs had been broken and crushed into the spicen, the rupture producing death. Marks of a boot neel were plainly discerable on the side of the corpse, and, although kenvita denied that he kicked her, it was plainly evident that life had been crushed out by the heel of the fiend's heavy boot.

THE MUNDERER

was an Irishman by birth, having come to this country in 1858, then thirty-eight years of age; was a soldier during the rebellion, and, when not maddened by drink, was a mild, peaceable man. He had been married about ten years. He was tried, convicted, sentenced, and all the usual efforts to obtain a pardon were made, but in vain. He passed his last night calmiy and was up betimes. On the scaffold were Fathers Halligan, Hurly, Albright, Catholic priests of Peoria. Wind Father Campbell, of Lacon; Sheriff Frak Hitchcock, Deputy Sheriffs Samuel L. Gill and John Kimsey, and among the witnesses were representatives of the local and Chicago press and New York Herald, members of the Ear and officers of the Court. McNulta made a long and bitter speech. He spoke clearly and coolly without even a tremor. He was very hitter against his counsel, and declared that he intended to convict him from the first. He spoke clearly and coolly without even a tremor. He was very bitter against

and officers of the Court. McNulta made a long and bitter speech. He spoke clearly and coolly, without even a tremor. He was very bitter against his counsel, and declared that he intended to convict him from the first. He spoke angrily about Dr. Morley, of Chillicothe; also of Judge Puterbaugh, who sentenced him. He said Judge Puterbaugh had deceived him and his friends, that the Judge might as well have stayed in Peoria and got drunk as went to Springfield to see Governor Beveridge and get drunk. He was interrupted in his speech several times by Father Hurly, but seemed to cling to life to the last moment.

THE END OF THE ASSASSIN.

Finally he ceased talking, and Sheriff Hitchcock bound his bands and feet. McNulty then called Mr. Harmon, Mr. O'Brien, Sheriff Hitchcock, Deputy Sheriffs Gill and Kinsey to him, and kissed them goodby. The noose was adjusted, the black cap was drawn over his face, and the drop fell at twenty-two minutes past one P. M. Doctors G. L. Lucas, Israel J. Guth and C. J. Fox, of Peoria, and Dr. Morley, of Chillicothe, announced the prisoner dead, and the body was cut down at five minutes before two P. M. The doomed man died after three or four convulsive contortions of the shoulders and clenching his hands once or twice. The body was placed in a handsome wainut coffin with silver mountings, provided by the Judge, and was taken charge or by his triends.

Immense crowds were outside the jail. There was no sympathy with McNulta. His bitter, unreasonable speech on the scaffold only increased the belief in his guilt. Many people were in the town from all parts of the country, hoping to be able to witness the execution.

## THE MYSTERIOUS SALOON MURDER.

No Clew to the Perpetrator-Corone Keenan Makes an Investigation.

Since the murder of Charles Christens, the Dane, in his concert saloon, 11 Bewery, early on the morning of the 13th ultimo, by an unknown and mysterious stranger, Captain John J. Ward, of the Tenth precinct, and the members of his command, have been actively engaged in searching for the murderer, but having only an imperfect description of him, they were unable to learn anything whatever concerning the villain. Had the alarm been promptly given by the and deliberate assassination, it is more than probable that the murderer might have been secured. but the police were not called till the man had ample time to get out of harm's way. It is believed that he was a stranger in the city, and, in all probability, he lost no time in escaping from

Coroner Keenan yesterday held an inquest in the case, and below will be found a synepsis of the testimony, by which it will be seen the murder was committed with great deliberation.

Aaron Skerk, living at 13 Bowery, testified that n the 13th of January he was tending bar for the deceased, at 11 Bowery, in the basement; at about half-past one o'clock A. M. a strange man came in and ordered a drink, and drank some kind of liquor; there were several persons in the saloon at the time; there were two bottles of wine opened after that, but don't know who ordered them; the stranger took out a \$20 bill, and the witness handed it to deceased, who changed it, and gave the stranger what belonged to him, saying, "There's \$5.50;" the stranger said he had been charged too much, and left, saying he would get square with him; he returned in about half an hour; deceased was then sitting by the first table from the door; as the man came down deceased jumped up and ran around the screen at the foot of the stairs and caught hold of him, telling him not to make any disturbance and to get out of the house; the man at this time had got inside the place, and while deceased had hold of min he put a pistoi to deceased's breast and ared; they struggled together after that for a few seconds, he snapping the pistoi three or four times; he released himself from deceased and went up stairs backwards, with the pistoi in his hand; that is the last the witness ever saw of the stranger; immediately afterwards deceased approached the witness and said, "Pin shot," and his jacket was then on fire; the man was between thirty-five and forty years of age, five feet eight inches in height, spare jace and sailow complexion; he was dressed plainly; hat or and ordered a drink, and drank some kind of

Cap, can't say which; cannot describe his clothing. Charles Katt, of 3:2 Hud-on street, deposed that he was in the saloon at the time of the shooting; saw a strange man come in; there was some wine drank, and the stranger paid for it with a \$20 bill; he received his change and was not satisfied with it; he said he wanted nineteen dollars and some odd cents; he went out muttering "Fliget square in a few minutes;" in iess than half an hour he came back and the witness saw him and deceased wreating in front of the bar; saw the stranger shoot deceased in the breast while they were struggling together; the man was about five feet seven inches in height, with agh cheek bones, and appeared tanned; was sallow complexion and had very dark hair and short, atuaby mustache; had a small mouth; he was dressed in a dark, thick coat and selt hat.

A post-mortem examination made by Dr. Beach showed that death resulted from internal hemorrhage caused by the pistol shot wound of the chest.

showed that death the pistol shot wound of the chest.

The case was then given to the jury, who found "that deceased came to bis death by a pistol shot fived by an unknown man, at No. 11 Bowery, on the 13th day of January, 1873,"

#### THE BROOKLYN HORROR INQUEST.

The Coroner's Investigation Concerning the Fate of Jacob Knoop-A Peculiar Verdict.

Yesterday Coroner Jones held an inquest over the circumstances attending the mysterious and horrible fate of Jacob Knoop, whose remains were almost entirely devoured by a dog, in an unoccupled building, corner of Commerce and Imlay

streets, South Brooklyn.

James Carnochen testified that on Wednesday afternoon, between three and four o'clock, he entered the premises at the corner of Imlay and Commerce streets, a Mr. Miller and another man being with him at the time; Miller. who is the owner of the property, directed the means of entrance to the house; the young man who was with them got over the fence, forced a window by breaking a pane of glass, and turning the latch on the inside for Miller and the witness. Witness testified that he bought the property from Miller and wanted to get possession of it, and that he searched for Knoop four or five days before taking possession, as he did not not want to pay any money before seeing him. Mr. Carnochen continued as follows:-I saw the brother, but not the deceased; I asked him if he had any knowledge of his brother, and he said no: I asked him if he was going to redeem this property himself, and he said no; this was last Monday; he promised to meet me in Mr. Miller's office on Monday last, but he did Brooklyn on the same morning: the house was in a fearful condition when we got there: there was a fearful smell when we entered; everything was out of its place; then he asked the others to go up

stairs to see and so they did; I was foremost going up stairs; the others followed me; the first thing I saw was a coat hanging on the door of the room where the a coat hanging on the door of the room where the deceased was found; the coat was hung over the door as any one would do; the door was about five to seven inches open; it might be seven or it might be sive; as we were going up stairs I miormed my comrades that there must surely be somebody inside, as there was his coat hanging on the door; there was ciothing of some kind outside the door, just as if for the dog to sleep on; I was the first man that went to the door myself; I put my hand to the door to move it in a little; I saw the condition of affairs in the room, but did not then see the head of Knoop; there were two beds in the room—a cot bed and another; both beds were in a fearful condition to look at, torn and dirty, with bones and a piece of the liver of the man in the bedclothes that hung out of one of them; they were not in the cot bed; the cot bed was in the middle of the floor; it was the locksmith that saw the human head first, and, in trying to look in, he had to push the cot bed; the cot bed was in the middle of the floor; it was the locksmith that saw the human head first, and, in trying to look in, he had to push the cot bed; the cot bed was in the middle of the floor; it was no look in the first thing he said to me and to Mr. Miller was that

HE HAD SEEN ENOUGH;

he said that Knoop was inside, and that there was none of him left but his head; the three of us then turned and went up stairs; I think Mr. Miller got in first; we saw the head, and Mr. Miller got in first; we saw the head, and Mr. Miller got in first; we saw the head, and Mr. Miller proposed going for an onlicer, which he did; we remained inside with the locksmith; where I saw the dog first I couldn't really say, but I think it was in the heal of the lower floor; I heard him bark on the lower floor proportionately; I swept the floor of the store and the people who saw it suid

"I' was knoop's Hair."

I think it was the dog's hair; I am certain that the head of Knoop was lying on its left ear; we could find no blood or any evidence th deceased was found: the coat was hung over the

pipe had burst and there was a sheet of ice in the cellar.

John B. Miller, the next witness, testified that he owned the property, and cerroborated the testimoxy of Carnochen; he saw the deceased last about the latter part of October, 1872; had about nine hundred to one thousand dollars' interest in the property, which was valued at \$5,000; Knoop was the original owner of the property.

The jury, after a brief deliberation, rendered the following verdict:—"That the said Jacob Kneop came to his death from natural causes, the precise nature of which are to jury unknown, at the house corner of imlay and Commerce streets, some time between the last part of October, 1872, and Febru-

## "NOW I'VE GOT YOU!"

New Hoboken Sensation-A Ferry Master Shot by a Relative While Fondling the Child of the Latter.

Scarcely had the excitement over the discovery of the Elesian Field mystery in Hoboken began to abate when another sensation is produced, which was the exciting subject of remark in the city across the river yesterday. Fortunately for the victim, as well as the would-be murderer, the direction of the ball was such that when it went upon its mission is took an oblique direction and penetrated no vitai part.

It seems that about half-past ten yesterday morning Officer Hoves, of the Hoboken force, who was on post on Washington street, heard cries of murder from women on the doorstep of a three-story and basement brick house on Willow street, near Eleventh, and, hurrying thither, ne entered the house and arrested John H. Berthoff, aged about thirty-two, who, a few minutes before had attempted the life of John Eberhardt, one of the oldest ferrymasters in the employ of the ferry com-pany. The circumstances of the attempted murder are briefly these. Berthoff is married to the niece of Mr. Eperhardt, who is better known in the city as "Fat Jack," who weighs 312 pounds. The police say that Berthoff, who is a worthless drunkard, has boarded with his wife's uncle for years, and although capable of earning an honest living as a

has boarded with his wife's uncle for years, and although capable of earning an honest living as a journeyman cigar maker, has neglected the members of his family, who for eight years have been supported principally by Eberhardt. A day or two ago the latter remonstrated with Berthoff upon his reckless habits, and told him he had better spend his money in paying his board than in dissipation. This remark seemed to annoy Berthoff, who, however, made no threats.

At the hour named yesterday morning Eberhardt was lying, the police say, on his bed, playing with one of Berthoff's children, when the prisoner entered the room, and, without any warning, drew a small smith & Wesson pistol, and remarking, "Now I've got you!" discharged it. The ball struck Eberhardt on the forehead, and penetrating to the skull, passed around on its exterior and ledged over the right ear, where it was found, and from which it was extracted by Br. Congdon. Eberhardt, on being snot, arose from the bed quickly, and, rushing upon the man, disarmed and held him until some of the women, including Berthoff's wife, hearing the report of the weapon, came in, and, giving the alarm, turned him over to the police. The prisoner was taken to the Washington street station house, where he was held to await the result of Eberhardt's injuries. To the police he declined to give an explanation of the cause, except that it grew out of domestia difficulties. Dr. Congdon was summoned to attend the wounded man, and removed the skull, under the scalp. There were no signs of the skull having been ractured, and it is probable that Eberhardt will be out in a few mays if he has careful medical attendance and quietude. He is well known in Hooken, and everybody speaks of him as an inofensive man, who was popular with all the citizens and railway officials. quictude. He is well known in Hoooken, and everybody speaks of him as an inofensive man, who was popular with all the citizens and railway officials. The police say that berthoff boarded with Eberhardt, but in the following statement, made by the former to a reporter, he claims that the wounded man boarded with an isamity. His statement is that he married a niece of Eberhardt in 1884, and about eighteen months ago they went to live in the above house with Eberhardt, the latter boarding with his wife. Twice he had been compelled to leave his home. The fact that he had four children almost set him wifd at being compelled to part with them. He ran into the room, saying, "You have ruined me and my famity." Eberhardt then tried to put him out of the room, when he drew the pistol and fired. He then went in his own room and sat down to await the arrival of the police. He stated, m conclusion, that he did not care what became of him now.

# THE NORTHPLEET DISASTER

Full Report of the Running Down and Loss of the Emigrant Ship Northfleet.

Sad Scene in the English Channel and Awful Sacrifice of Human Life.

Three Hundred and Twentyseven Persons Perished.

Embarkation for Hobart Town-Under Shelter of the Ness, of a Dark Night and with a Rough Sea-"A Steamer is Right Into Us"-Terrible Alarm and a Wild Farewell-Appalling Scenes on Deck-To the Rescue-Names of the Passengers. Lost and baved

By mail from Europe we have the following report of the awful occurrence of the running down and sinking of the British emigrant ship Northfleet, bound to Hobart Town, Australia, by a steamer, and of the sad scenes and awful sacrifice of life which resons who were saved are also given :-THE EMIGRANT SHIP NORTHFLEET RUN DOWN AND

THE EMIGRANT SHIP NORTHFLEET RUN DOWN AND LOST.

(From the London Telegraph, Jan. 24.)

One of the most calamitous catastrophes ever witnessed at sea occurred off Dungeness, in the Channel, at a late hour on Wednesday night. An emigrant ship, bound from London for Hobart Town, was run down by a large screw steamer—the name and nationality of which are as yet unknown—and out of over four hundred persons who were on board 327 perished.

THE UNFORTUNATE VESSEL AND HER DOOMED PASSENGERS.

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THE UNFORTUNATE VESSEL AND HER DOOMED PASSENGERS.

The Northfleet, to which this fearful accident has happened, was a fine full-rigged ship of 895 tons register, owned by Messrs. John Patton, Jr., & Co., No. 3-White Lion court, in the city. She had on board 300 tons of iron rails, which were designed to be used by Messrs. Edwin Clark, Punchard & Co., contractors, in the construction of the Tasmanian Main Line Railway; but—more important far than the cargo of metal—carried, apart from the crew, as many as 343 souis, all of whom, with two exceptions, were emigrants. The men among them had been engaged as navvies or laborers for the undertaking already mentioned. They had entered into an engagement to work for the firm named for two and a half years from the date of commencing labor, their wages to be five shillings per day, and their passage money to be in the first instance paid by the employers, but alterwards refunded by the nien. Hesides the workmen there were two ordinary passengers on board—one Mr. S. F. Brand, who was proceeding to Tasmania to join the contractor's staff, and the other Mr. Gross. There was, of course, in addition to the 343 persons mentioned, a large crew in the vessel, which brought the total number of souls carried by the Northneet up to 412.

THE CAPTAIN.

The captain, who had formerly been in command of the ship has, fortunately for himself, been obliged to stay in this country, in order to appear as a witness in the Tichborne trial; and his place was taken for this voyage by a captain of the name of Knowies, who seems to have acted with vigor and self-sacrifice in the terrible circumstances of Wednesday mgnt, and who went down with his ship. His wife—a young lady—was on board with him, but was-eventually saved.

AT SEA AND IN SHELTER OF THE NESS.

The ship, freighted as we have described, left the West India Docks on the 14th inst., and in consequence of head winds had to beat about the Channel. On Wednesday night she reached Dungeness, and, as contrary winds still prevailed, she was brought to anchor under the sheiter of the Ness, a brilliant light being, in accordance with custom, exhibited at the masthead. The night was very dark and the sea rough. After nine o'clock all the passengers were below, and at ten the usual watch took duty on deck, under the charge of the second mate.

"A STEAMER IS BIGHT INTO US," AND MOST AWFUL

"A STEAMER IS RIGHT INTO US," AND MOST AWFUL "A STEAMER IS RIGHT INTO US," AND MOST AWFUL CONSEQUENCES.
About half-past ten o'clock Captain Knowles and Mr. George Brack, the London Trinity pilot, who was on board, were alarmed by a cry from the officer of the watch, "A steamer is right into us." The captain at this moment was in his cabin, where is wile had retired to rest, and the pilot was in his berth. Both of them rushed on deck, but before they get there the steamer had run into the vessel, striking her amidships, on the starboard side, and cutting her below her water mark. The carpenter was immediately ordered to make soundings, and he was heard by one of the crew to say to the captain, "She is nearly half full of water, sir."

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The pumps were started with the greatest promptitude, and the crew, all of whom had by this time come on deck, worked hard at them for some minutes; but when it was found that the water was rapidly gaining, a panic seemed to seize both crew and passengers, and the captain and his officers, all of whom maintained their self-possession, could not, with all their efforts, keep the passengers in check. A crowd of men and women had rushed up from their berths, many of them only half clothed.

THE PASSENGERS

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THE PASSENGERS

had for the most part retired to their berths before the collision. A number, who had just finished a game at cards, were undressing and about to lie down when the terrible moment came. The noise of the collision is likened by one of them to a peal of thunder, and such was the violence of the shock that those who were standing were knocked down. It appears that the steamer rebounded and came a second time in collision with the Northfiect. Water began to pour in and in a very short time the passengers' quarters were swampod. The women were slower to rush on deck than the men, and many were not in a condition to go till the water rose threateningly around them. When the first of the passengers came up the steamer was so near that, as one of them tells us, it would have been possible to jump on to her. The same eye witness describes her as a two-funnelied schooner rigged steamer, but can add no more details, the night having been so dark. He tells us also that no one on board her was heard to speak, although loud and eager shouts from the Northfleet must have made her crew well aware of the terrible danger that existed.

She "backed" for two or three minutes, and then steaming rapidly away was soon out of sight.

Awful, screen on hoard—Manning The Boars.

For half an hour the scene on deck was of a most appalling character. The women shrieked, Ne men cursed and swore and fought their way to wards the boats, while the cantain and the first mate roared out commands to the men to keep back and allow the women to get to the side of the vessel, but apparently without success. During all this dreadful scene rockets were fired and blue lights burned. The gun was loaded, but the screw of the ramrod became detached from the handle, and the piece could not be discharged. The signals of distress were seen by several vessels, but they appear to have been regarded as signals for a pilot; so that no notice was taken of them by several anny lives.

Mea

the matter, could have rendered the most invaluable assistance, and have saved, perhaps, a great many lives.

Meanwhile, the scene on deck was such as baffles description. The captain, finding that the men were determined to leave the vessel, went below, armed himself with a revolver, and, ascending the poop, declared his intention of shooting the first man who tried to leave the vessel before the women were saved. The first boot that was launched was lowered by a number of the passengers. It was let down in a rough fashion by means of cutting the ropes. There being no ladder at hand, the only way of getting into it was by leaping or dropping some twelve or fifteen feet. As there was a terrible rush towards the beat, the scene was one of distressing confusion, and a man and a boy, in endeavoring to save themselves, fell into the water and were drowned. The captain and officers appear to lave done all they could to force the men who first got into the boat to leave in order that the women might be saved; out it was to no purpose, even firing—with biank cartridges, it is supposed, at first—was unavailing. About thirty persons having got into it, the boat put off, a rope by which it was attached to the vessel being cut. Not one of the crew was in it. Another lifeboat was launched.

A man named Thomas Biddies, lately living at

attached to the vessel being cut. Not one of the crew was in it. Another hieboat was launched.

SHOOTING OF REPRACTORS.

A man named Thomas Biddies, lately living at No. 22 Salisbury row, Walworth, got into the boat, and was ordered to leave it. He refused to do so, and Captain Knowies threatened to shoot him unless he obeyed. The man, however, would not move, and the captain accordingly fred. The builet just passed over his head as he lay in the bottom of the boat. Firing again, the captain was more accurate in his aim and shot the man just above the left knee, the builet imbedding itself in the fifth the captain Knowles brought his wife to the boat, placed her in it, and said to the boatswain, a man named John Esther, who had already got in, "Here is a charge for you, bo'sen; take care of her and the rest, and God bless you!" Wringing his wife's hand, he bade her goodby, saying, "I shall never see you again."

Heartrending scenes were to be witnessed on all sides. One of the passengers, a man named John Sturgeon, of Peckham, seeing the captain's wife in one of the boats, threw his own wife Lucy in, and when he saw her saic tossed her baby, only six months old, to her, the infant, fortunately, escaping undurt. He then entered the boat himself. A little girl, ten years of age, named Maria Tapley, was also thrown by her lather into the boat. The poor man tried to save the rest of his family, but the seething, maddened crowd pressing towards the side of the vessel prevented him from doing as he wished, and, with his wife and two other children, he went down with the lif-fated vessel.

The engineer, a man named Dickson, made fran-

tic efforts to save his wife and children; but while endeavoring to take them to the side of the vessel' where the boats were being launched he was jammed between the cookhouse and the gunwale, and received such dreadful injuries that, although he was afterwards rescued, he is now in the Seamen's Hospital at Dover, in a very precarious state. The captain and pilot were together, and the latter was heard saying, "If you want to save yourselves, make for the topmast," to which many of the poor people accordingly rushed.

TO THE RECUE.

In a quarter of an hour the boat which contained the captain's wife halled the steaming City of London, Captain Kingston, which had been at anchor and was attracted to the spot by the blue hight and rockets. Captain Kingston displayed the greatest humanity, and not only picked up the thirty people in the boat, but, in the hope of rescuing others, steamed for some time around the spot where, about three-quarters of an hour after being struck, the Northfleet went down. The Kingsdown lugger Mary, George Pont, master, wine cruising about, saw the rockets and blue lights, and bore down for the vessel. She discovered the second boat, containing thirty-four passengers, and took them on board. The Dover pilot cutter Princess, No. 3, Captain Pilcher, reached the scene of the wreck soon after the ship sunk, and rescued the pilot and ten men, who, having gone down with the vessel, rose to the surface and chung to the hollot and ten men, who, having gone down with the vessel, rose to the surface and chung to the rincess, after remaining at Dungeness until there was no further hope of saving life, proceeded with the people who had been saved towards Dover, to land them there.

List of Passengers.

Subjoined is the official list of the passengers who were on board the Northreest at the moment of the collision.—Frederick S. Brand, cabin passenger; Homas Penoid, wife and baby; Heary Raffle, wife and two children; Charles Fofney, wife, and two children; Sidney Smith, wife and son, feorteen years; Edwin Cooper, wife and son, for the son and the son a NAMES OF THE SAVED.

Mason.

NAMES OF THE SAVED.

The names of those rescued by the lugger Mary are:—George Butterfield, James Smith, Thomas Fanan, John Gray, David Shepherd, James Forster, Eliza Huggett, George Tapnell, Thomas Line, G. M. Preston, Reuben White, George Tapin, Thomas Turner, Samuel Hawkins, Henry Jewell, William Cooper, James Dudeney, E. A. Garrard, W. Turner, Amos Loveleck, Charles Roife, Denis Drowiey, John Berrey, James Canty, William Brow, Caleb Cummins, John Start, James Swift, James Dayman and John Conroy, Principally passengers.

Those saved by the City of London steam tug were as follows:—Mrs. Fredrick Knowles (wife of the captain), Lucy Sturgeon and child (Harriet), Maria Taplin, Robert Smith, John Demar, John Dixon, John Leary, Richard Taylor, Waiter Batchellor, George Chiven, William Cole, John Woolford, P. Darnell, G. Stammers, J. Richards, W. Dayis, J. Brown, P. Medley, W. Mayrosen, J. Sturgeon, J. Lynch, J. Baylis, J. Lee, D. Macarty, J. Hadley and G. Clarke, passengers, and the following seamen:—Join Caser, Albert Robey, Theodere Bjonner, Carl Andersen, John Beyanin, Carl Harron and Charkes Humphrey.

The following hist of persons rescued by the Princess completes the record of the names of the survivors:—George Brack (the pilot), Robert Lass, Sammel Watkins, Andrew Mads (seamen), George Masen, Johathan Tarran, William Davis, G. H. Smith, Alfred Bannister, John Lackland, Edward Kitten, Edward Tapson, Robert Newly, William Beckinnam, William Fowler, William Beckinnam, William Fowler, William Beckinnam, William Fowler, William Beckinnam, John Beyeridge, James Green and Joseph Sharp (passengers).

## BROOKLYN MEANNESS

A Card from Sheriff Williams-He Denies Having Any Connection with the Persecution.
BROOTLYN, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1873.

To the Editor of the Herald:—
In your article in to-day's paper headed "Brook lyn Meanness" you state that the bill to repeal the law "is gotten up unquestionably to fill the already overflowing coffers of the Sheriff of Kings county, and you convey the impression that the Sheriff is a party to the movement. I do not desire to discuss the merits of this matter, but you will oblige me by stating distinctly and positively that the Sheriff of Kings county has never interested himself in the Kings county has never interested himself in the matter in any way or mauner whatever. He had no knowledge of the article which appeared in the Brooklya Bulon, nor of the artists of the House of the Good Shepherd, nor had he any knowledge of the bill introduced by Mr. Wiggins to repeal the act until he saw them in the public prints. The Sherirf of Kings county has no desire to speculate out of the miseries or misfortanes of others, and any statement or insinuation that any bill relating to the House of the Good Shepherd is either in his interest or introduced with his knowledge or consent is wholly untrue. Respectfully yours.

A. G. WILLIAMS, Sheriff of Kings county.

A BROOKLYN BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT. A Young Jewess Chaiming \$15,000 Dame

ages. Miss Bertha Steinfeld, a Jewess, apparently about twenty-five years of age, appeared in the Brooklyn City Court yesterday, as plaintiff in a suit for an alleged breach of promise of marriage against Herman Levy, from whom she claims \$15,000 damages. This case was tried once before, in December last, when the jury disagreed and were discharged. Miss Steinfeld's story is that she was introduced to Levy in November, 1870, by one Moritz Herzberg, of New York, and at the second meeting Levy

of New York, and at the second meeting Levy asked her to become his wife and she promised to marry him. He also promised to marry her. She submitted to his desires and in August, 1671, became a mother. She was never married to Levy. He failed to keep his promise to her and went to Europe, where he remained for some time.

EX-Judge Cardozo cross-examined plaintiff yesterday, but her testimeny as given on the direct examination was not changed. Ex-Judge Cardozo moved for a dismissal of the complaint, on the ground that the cause of action disclosed a grossly immoral contract, but Judge Thompson decided to allow the case to go to the jury.

Several witnesses were examined and testified to the plaintiff's good character, and her case was closed. The trial was then adjourned antil Monaday morning.